IN AND ABOUT GENEVA.

THE RICHEST AND MOST POPU-LOUS TOWN IN SWITZERLAND.

Its History and Monuments The Duke of Brunswick and His Wigs and Jewels. The House Where "Frank enstein" was Written

(Special Correspondence)

GENEVA, Oct. 28-People are always passing through Geneva to go somesere else; and very few of them seem to find out what a really charming place the town itself is for a protracted sejourn. It tichest and most populous town in Switzen land, and it is full of good shops and good charf object is to spend their money could

Here are a tipe conservatoire of music, a good university, an extensive public library, museums of pictures and sculpture museums, too, of archeology, and of natural history; a botanical garden with over five thousand different plants; in short, 'chunks of wastom" to begathered in every p sailse d rection

It you are werr aipfully inclined, you can go to church at every corner. The old church of the Maieleine dates from the Nath century, and is the first one in which the reformation was preached; and there are churches of all ages from this venerable Madeleine to that youngest Protestant church whose corner stone was laid by our own General Grant in 1878.

Then, again, Geneva has antiquity enough to delight a fossil. It was an impotent pack in the time of the Roman empire, and Julius Cae ar writes in his "Commentaries" of stopping to throw up some f rufications bere. In the Fifth con tury the town embraced Caristianity, and in the Sixteenth century it was one of the most prominent centers of the Protestant reformation.

On yonder hill, near the town, Calvin had that good Unitarian, Servetus, burned for his heresies, and for many years Calvin practically ruled Geneva. He not only told the Genevese what they must believe, but how many courses they might have for dinner. I should think they would have been giad when they buried him at last. They can't show you his grave, for by his and no one knows just where he lies.

The most exacting lover of the beautiful would be content with the site of Geneva, on the shore of its own fair lace, with the sleepy Raone, arched by six bridges, running through the town and cutting it in twain; and with the range of the Juras on one side and the Saléves and Mont Blancon the other. Midway between two of the bridges-the Pont du Mont Blanc and the Pont des Bergues is a pretty little island called Rousseau's island, and consecrated to the memory of this later Genevese ce ebrity, who was perhaps the greatest contrast to the austere reformer, Ca vin, that one can well imagine Rousseau was a thorough Frenchman, though he was born at Geneva, in 1712, and passed a good deal of his life hard. On his "island" is his bronze statue by Pradier-a teautiful work of art. The self-terturing sophist-the too frank confession of stas he had not moral sense enough to blush for-the man who preached human kindness and sent his own children to tound in; hospitals that he might not have the trouble of taking care of themlooks down with an enigmatical smile on the people who come to study his lineaments

thus immortalized in bronza.

This statue of Rousseau is the only good out of door monument in all Geneva. Most of them are ugly, and the most hideous of all is the huge, costly one to the Dake of Brunswick in the Place des Alpes A droll old reprobate was the dake, but he deserved a monument from the Genevese, for he bequeathed to their town a nice little present-no less than \$5,000,000. He w s an extremely eccentric old gentleman, and had almost as many wigs as Queen Elizabeth had dresses. As a lady of fashion arranges with her maid what gown she shall put on for any occasion, so this old duke used to discuss with his valet what color and style of wig he should assume each day. He had martial looking wigs; wigs of sentiment, in which to go wooing; wigs of a certain chic suggestiveness; blonde wigs, brown wigs, curly wigs, straight wigs; and he had a room full of Larters blocks, on which these wigs were carefully dressed and set forth, and from this various assortment the old fellow chose each morning, according to his mood. He had also the largest collection of jewels in the possession of any private individual, and various grand residences in one place and another, among them a costly and curious palace in Paris, a haunt for sybarites, whose orgies were held not unworthy the maddest of the Roman emperors. I wonder where his wicked old soul is now! At any rate, his big, uzly monument is here in Geneva, and the Genevese are grateful for his money, and would pray, no doubt, for his unquiet spirit's repose, only that they are such strong Protestants they dare not.

1

Near Geneva is the Maison Diodati, where Byron and Shelley lived for a time together; where Mrs. Soeliev wrote the strange, gruesome tale of "Frankenstein," and read it, evening by evening, to the two poets; where our "sad, bad, mad brother" Byron, as Swinburne would call bim, made fatal love to Mrs. Sheller's half sister, who had the dishonor of being the mother of Boron's daughter Allegra.

A short and most charming drive from Geneva takes you to Ferney-Voltaire, the last residence of Voltairs, the French philos pher, playwright, novelist, man of affairs, historian, etc., whose influence on the mind of the Eighteenth century was hardly second to that of any other. You drive out from Geneva, with the grand Alps roung on one hand and the mistshrouded Juras on the other, and, of course, you quote Byron. Ferney is the place founded by Voltaire, to which he retired in 1756 to remain until his death in 1778. One of the first things you notice in approaching it is the Protestant church which Voltaire built for his humtler neighbors, and which bears the haughty inscription: Erexit Voltaire" (crected by Voltaire to Godi. I have no doubt the arrogant philexopher thought that if there should happen be any God He would be greatly flattered by this attention. At the gate of Voltaire's grounds is a lodge, in which there is an inresting room bung with numberless por raits of the great man-Voltaire young, Coltains old, Voltains crowned by the French Academy, Voltaire in all sorts of stiffules and costumes, but always the

same cynical, self-pleased face. The grounds in which the house stands tre most lovely, commanding a delightful elew, with feuntains making murmurous music and great old tress overshadowing tempting seats. Going in toors you are shown Voltaire's sitting-room and his bed chamber, and they are full of mementoes of houself, in the salen is the mausoleum which was constructed to hold his heart, and bears the inscription: "His spirit is everywhere, but his heart is here. This record is no longer true however, since his beart has been carried away and placed in the Bibliomeque Astionale in Paris.

The chair covers in the salon were embroidered by V. lta.re's n.eces. On the table is his inkstand, in which you dip your pen to record your name in the visitors' book Paintings by Titian, Boucher and Watteau, of the philosopher's own choosing, are on the walls of the salon, and pictures of more personal interest are in the adjoining bed shamber. Here is the suff little bed where the wilv Frenchman used to sleep, and on the wa is of this bed chamber hang the portraits of those whom he most loved or

I was especially interested in that of Madame du Châtelet, who loved him, not wisely indeed, but so long an I well that one is moved to torgive her unw slom. Ah! has the commonulate morit of being the how fair she is in her blue velvet robe with the soft laces around her soft neck, with her powdered hair framing her charm-Is, so that that class of travelers whose ing face, holding in her hand a mystic rose of slonce, looking forever toward the bed find here plenty of opportunities. It is an where her lover dreamed and died, and excellent place, too, to improve one's mind. smiling a strange, inscrutable smile which lights her levely eyes and curves her fresh and tender lips

Here, too, hange the grand, full-length portrait of Catherine the Great of Russia, presented by herself to Voltaire; and near by his portrait embroidered by her inperial hands. What a woman she was Looking on this picture you cannot help be lieving her capable of all the cruel wicked ess which history ascribes to her-and yet she bas a stately presence. A royal devil

Near a fine portrait of Frederick the Great hangs a charming picture of Vol-taire's pretty little washerwoman. Can she, possibly, have been the rival of Mme. in Chatelett One never knows of what a man, and a Frenchman, may not have been

Besides these portraits of especial and personal interest the remaining space is vered by likenesses, chiefly engravings, of the men whom Voltaire delighted to honor-Milton, Helvetius Franklin, Washington and many another; so that the old Frenchman and his sweethearts are in good ompany

Coppet is another pleasant excursion from Geneva-Coppet, where for some time Mme. de Sta I resided; and it was not far away from Geneva, that quiet home where the fat historian Gibbon went wooing Mme de Stael's mother Suzanne urchod. There is a funny story about Gibbon's thinking it the proper thing to kneel before this lady, and once having got apon his knees being too fat to get up aga n

without assistance.

There are plenty of distinguished dead yard with Calvin lies Sir Humphrey Davy and all about the town there is an odor of lead eminence. For my part these memories of the past are the most interesting associations with the spot. They fitly baunt its beautiful stree s and suburbs, and I like well that place where I move in the good society of gentle ghosts.

LOUISE CHANDLES MOULTON.

WHEN THE DAY IS GONE

How quiet the bouse is at midnight. The people who talk and laugh and sing in it every day are asleep, and the people who fell asleep in it long ago come silently back into it. Every house has these two classes of tenants. Do we love best those with whom we can laugh and talk and sing, or the dear silent ones who come so noiselessly to our side and whisper to us in faint, sweet, far away whispers that have no sound, so that we only hear their very

I am not tired, but my pen is weary. It falls from my fingers and I raise my head I start to leave the table, and my eyes fall upon a little book lying on the floor. It is a little "First Reader." He left at there this fternoon. I remember now, I remember just bow I was impatient because he could not read the simple little lesson—such an may lesson—and I told him it was a was e my time traing to teach him as him away from me 1 remember now. I see the flush come into the little tired face. the brave, cheerful look in his eyes-himother's brave, patient cheerings strug gling with his disappointment and pain. I se him he down on the floor and the little face bend over the troublesome little lesson- such a simple, easy lesson, any baby night read it. Then, after a little struggle aloge, it has to be given up, and the baffled att'e soldier, with one more appealing look toward me for re-enforcements, sighs and roes away from the lesson he cannot read o the play that comforts him. And there ies the little book, just as he left it. Ah me. I could kneel down and kiss it now, as though it were alive and loving.

Why, what was my time worth to me to day! What was there in the book I wanted to read one-half so precious to me as one cooing word from the pratting lips that quivered when I turned away! I hate the book I read, I will never look at it again; were it the last book in the world I think I would burn it. All its gracious words are ies I say to you, though all men praise the book, and though an bour ago I thought it excellent, I say to you that there is poison in its bateful pages. Why, what can I earn from books that baby lips cannot teach me! Do you know I want to go to the door of his room and listen; the h s so still; may be he is not breathing. Why, if between my books and my boy I choose my book why should not God leave me with my books? My hateful

But I was not barsh. I was only a little impatient. B cause, you see, his lesson was so easy, so simple. Ah me, there were two of us trying to read this afternoon. There were two easy, simple lessons. Mine was such a very simple, easy, plea-ant, loving one to learn. Just a line, just a little throb of patience, of gentleness, of ove that would have made my own beart low and laugh and sing. The letters wer so large and plain, the words so easy and the sentences so shore. And I! Oh, pity me, I missed every word. I did not read on line aright. See, here impropy now, all blurred an! blisterel with tears and heart ache, all marred and misspelled and blotted,

And yet I know He will be patient with me; I know how loving and gentle He will be. Why, how patiently and lovingly, all these years, lie has been teaching me this imple lesson I failed upon to-day. But when my little pupil stumbled on a single word— Is my time, then, so much more precious than the Master's that I can not teach the little lesson more than once! Ah, friend, we do waste time when we

ng days, these busy, anxious, shrewd, am bitious times of ours are wasted when the take our hearts away from patient gentle ness, and give us fame for love and golf for kisses. Some day, then, when our hun-gry souls will ask for bread our selfish god will give to us a stone. Life is a deep profound, perplexing problem. It is a simple, easy lesson, such as any cold may read. You cannot find its solution in the ponderous tomes of the old fathers, the philosophers, the investigators, the theorists. It is not on your book shelves. But in the warmest corner of the most unlettered beart it glows in letters that the blindest may read; a sweet, plain simple, easy, loving lesson. And when you have learned it, brother of mine, the world will be better and happier.

ROBT. J. BURDETTE. ARDMORE Pa., Nov. 11.

NOVEMBER.

Pull days and dripping caves; sad voices in the fields; Tes rust of stubble and the brown of leaves.

Like time's oblivion for the soul which

grieves,
Alone remains of all the summer yields The reaper sleeps and rests; sheathed is the sickie of the year; Shadows gather from advancing wests; There is a lonesome wind which fills deserted nests.

And icy frost which glitters like a frozen

Not like the time when living things rejoice, Not like the time when even graves put With swallows thronging summers south

And field flowers tender as a loving voice. Not like the May, which bath a smile and not a tear. But days with thistles pricking in the And little mounds of dust where stood

the flowers.

And sighs of dying leaves along the year. MARION MANVILLE.
LACROSSE, Wis., Nov. 11.

THE STORY OF A KING'S SON. A NORSE LEGEND.

It fell in simpler times, the sages set.

Far in the past; yet, who so reads to-day Must poorly read, if he should fail to see How blest a thing is heaven-born Charity-How high, beroic quest for human good, Wins its sure end by sweet, true neighbor-

A king's fair son (the king had broad es-Whose heart lay hid within those porphyry

Where many a black-eyed damsel and a Shot him with Love's sweet arrows through and through,

And held him by their coils of cunning hair
And subtle serveries, and lips most fair, Heard, in the midst of joy's exuberant flow, A tale of swift, dumb-striking, barrowing

As when a summer day of purest blue O ereast and curtained, till the sun goes out And paught is heard but the remorseless

Of the mad wind and the thick beats of Which thud and thud against the window

Until the grean earth looks almost to While just as lifeless seems the flooded

So memed his heart, a scene of crushing grief,
Far past the medicine of man's relief. Ask you what hap so suldenly befell,

Ah, me! how piteous seeme! this cruel blow, And that a prince should be afflicted so

To work such change, where all before was



For then the courier of the king drew near And told a tale which shocked all hearts to

Most noble prince, I would that I were Or that this news had fallen to me instead. Your six brave brothers, on a hunting Or near, or far, now nowhere can be found. For days and days both court and camp have strolled, And all the king lom's space is well patrolled.

But not a tiding, not a lingering trace We find to tell of their abiding place.

I fear the good king's hair, just touched with gray. With the sharp grief will whiten quite

And your dear mother's heart burdened with gloom, No monnless rest will find but in the tomb, Unless some sudden, helpful miracle Bring back their six lost sons alive and

This task be mine," the prince said, "I If such a miracle there may not be; If any doubt, let this be proof thereof-

leave love's dalitance for the sake of love And though I compass each far hill and sea, ear not, this good work shall be wrought by me;

Henceforth no one shall evermore declareif he were half as brave as he is fair. The echo of these words was hardly done Unarmed he went, no scrip had he or store, Except the faith which, burning, went be-

And duty's sense, which chills the love of And keeps the altar warm and bright

The dome above his head was blue and fair, somehow a mild, sweet odor fided the air, As though a thousand roses hovered nigh, o change the ker of that intolerant s Whose icy beauty ke-ps the world away, For our December is to it as May.

The stern, barl things which soon the prince befelt; How hunger smote hun; how the winds But barely him to wreck on each bleak

Ah, who in simple words can easy tell

What desolate, dismal days unmanned his strength; How Death's cold couriers hailed him; how,

From time to time he saw as poor as he some living thing which claimed his charity; For he who seeks to find the Holy Graff

Or Love's demand, in love must nowis; fail. A pitsous raven, faint and famished, Out of his own scant furnished dish he fed; And, coming to a stream where one had set The meshes of a thick entangled net,

He saw a salmon struggling long in vain, Which, loosing, he put in the stream again.

Once, too, unto a wolf, whose cries grew From bitter hunger, he was merciful-And, that the beast his waning life might

He scrap.ed not a choice repast to give. One day when hope grew strangely dark



The search was ended; but, how sal to him! For his six brothers, whom he went to save. Stool stark as statues in a giant's cave-The "Giant With No Heart;" how shall be

break That beart, and save them for his parents' Long years of trouble now uprise an

For these three tasks, berculean he must A long lake cross: then c imb a tottering

tower, And draw a key thenceforth; within an Descend into a deep and darkened well, And find a golden egg which in it fell.

But lo! bedle the lake the pleased wolf And took bim over out of gratitude: Up to the tower the raven fondly flow And brought the key, which, by a mark, be knew;

While, winding down a subterranean way, foe salmon, spardling in his bright array, Soon reached the well, and, turning quick about, The lookel-for, golden treasure brought

Then went the prince unto the horrid cave, And to the ogre his targe girls he gave. And now the "Giant With No Heart" was To bear nimself in somewhat milder mien: The grumous humor of his eye grew thin, As if a tear might somewhere jurk within; As if some syllable of human woe Might cause, where none was known, a tear to flow.

So, speaking as he could, in human guise, Unto the proffered gifts be thus replies: "Take, prince, your guer-lon-mercy shall abound— And tell the king his six lost sons are

Their chains were burst; forth from the cave they go; Burst, too, the heavier manacles of woe. Great joy broke out the brothers seven amone, Proud hymns were chanted and glad praise was sung;

But when they reached the palace of the There was no ent of joy and thanksgiving; No end of honors for a mighty space, Smiles wreathed the king's, tears wet the

queen's glad face, And all the kingdom and the throng de-Behoul a prince as brave as he is fair." NEW YORK, Nov. 12 JOEL BENTON.

THE BANK BURGLAR.

A'Class of Criminals That Will Disappear "There are many men in New York City who could formerly boast of a peculiar distinction, that are now designated in police circles as members of the 'Order of Lost Nerves,' " said Detective Billy Pinkerton yesterday. They were once the flowers of the profession of crooks, but long terms of imprisonment took the sand all out of

them." "What is the real cause of the depression in the bank-burgling indus-

"The decay of the bank burgiar. chiefly, though the improvement in safes may have had some influence. Still, mechanical safeguards would not be so effective as they seem to be if the bank robbers of to-day had the ingenuity of those of former times. now you can count on your tinger nails all the first-class burglars of that grade who are not dead, in prison for terms, or nerveless because of long imprisonment. There are just as many burglars as ever, but the genius of the profession appears to have died out. There are no such men now as Scott and Dunlap, the Northampton bank robbers; Joe Howard, Hope and Brady, and Johnny Dobbs. Of Brady, and Johnny these, Scott is dead, Dunlap is serv-in Massachusetts, ing a long sentence in Massachusetts, and so is Dobbs: our people convicted Joe Howard in Coldwater, Mich.; Brady is doing seventeen years in New York; Hope is in San Quentin for an attempted robbery in San Francisco; big Frank McCov is a race-track 'tout' and a 'bum' in New York, and so the record could be filled up for pages "Do you anticipate a revival of high-er grades of burglary?"

"No: it will never occur. The ris-ing generat on of thieves is destitute of the intelligence necessary to make the exact plans and close calculations without which it is foolish to attempt to rob a bank. They are naturally and professionally of a grade too low for the business. Then they get no enare living out of prison. Such men, after serving long terms, have no heart for stealing. The best proof that for stealing. The best proof that bank burglars no longer exercise much influence on the fears of capitalists is to be found in the fact that our agency has been for some time arranging for the employment of its operatives in other fields. So far as the bank burglars are concerned, there is, practically, nothing for us to do, and as the race is rapidly becoming extinct this feature of our business promises to dis-appear entirely before long."—Chicago

Chinese Intimidators in Jail. VANCOUVER, November 12 .- The citisens arrested at Taconia for intimidating the Chinese have arrived here under mili tary escort. They were tendered an ovation by the people all along the line and here. Thousands of dollars have been pledged for their defence in the courts

Woman's Frevince.

THE DUTIES OF THE GESTLER SEX-

HOW BEST EULFILLED. What a great lask is assigned to woman. Its dignity cannot be elevated. It is not her province to make laws, to lead armies, nor to be at the head of great en-terprises, but to her is given the power to form those by whom the laws are made o teach the leaders of mighty armies and the governors of vast empires. She is required to guard against having the slightest taint of bodily infirmity touch the frail creature whose moral, intellect-ual and physical being is derived from her. She must instil correct principles, inculcate right doctrines, and breathe into the soul of her offspring those pure sentiments which in time to come will be a part of themselves, and bless generations part of themselves, and bless generations yet unborn. Yes, to woman is given the blessed privilege of aiding the sufferer in all the various stages of his existence. She smiles serenely at the christening, and weeps at the burill, while she soothes the bereaved heart. This is her province and duty. Yet how can she fulfill her mission unless possessed of a groung and healthy body? The preparation of Dr. S. B. Hartman, and known as Peruna, is just the thing for persons suffering from a ma-jority of the complaints incident to this climate. It is invaluable to women, and Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, of New Lisbon, Columbiana county, Ohio, is a noted ex-ample of what the medicine can do. She says she has suffered for years with con-gestion of the lungs, catarrh in the head, and was troubled with a bad cough. She had tried a number of physicians, but they all failed to cure her. She was induced to try Pertuna, and immediately a marked change took place. After using one bottle her cough ecased and in a short time her other adments were cured. She is now completely restored to health, and gives all the credit to Peacsa. Mr. J. W. Reynolds, her husband, was a conirmed invalid. He could not sleep web, neither could be work. He used Pert NA. and as a result, was completely restored to his former vigor and strength. He says he now feels like a new man.

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ou are right, then go ahead, is an important practical adage which should be emembered in the purchase of a medicine for the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated and powerful alterative. It is universally acknowledged to be the best blood purifier. W. F. Nichols, 424 Washington st., Boston, Mass., writes "After suffering for several years, with Indigestion, I was nevised and induced

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the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 45 Murray St., N.Y. TUTT'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA Renovates the body, makes healthy flesh, atrengthens the weak, repairs the wastes of the system with pure blood and hard muscle; tones the nervous system, invigorates the brain, and imparts the vigor of manhood. AL. Sold by druggists.



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L. FRED HALFORD. L. FRED HALFORD.

BLOOD

is the life, and he is wise who remembers it. Bo is the life, and he is wise who remembers it. But in March of last year (1884). I contracted blood poison, and being in Savannah, Ga., at the time I went int the hosoital there for treatment. I suffere very much from the mark in at the same time. I did not get well under the treatmen there, nor was foursel by any of the usua means. I have now it ken seven bottles of Swift's spe the sand am is un't and well. It grove the pison out through botts on the skin.

Leave (Ur. N. I. Ager 7 1884).

Two years ago I contracted blood poison. After taking prescriptions from the best physicians here and at iral as, I concluded to visit Hot springs and on reaching Texarkana a doctor recommended me to try Swift's "pecific, assuring me that it would issent me more than Hot springs. Although the

POISON

had produced great holes in my back and chest and had removed all the heir off my hear, yet began to mprove in a week's time, and the sore tegan to heal, and were entirely gode inside of the tweek. Porter Union Pass. Depot. Cisco, Texos, July 18, 1886. Treatise on Bicod and Skin Diseases mailed free. The swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., N.Y., 187 W. Edd st.



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Midnight Express
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ROBES Night Express 2.25 a m
Onti and et Louis Liu 5.11 a m
Cincinnati Fast Line 12.26 p m outnern Kapress. Bab p m olumbus, Delaware & Dayton Ac. 7:10 p m These trains we the only ones running on

These trains we the only ones running on funday.

Train : aving at 2.50 a.m. has through despite car to Boston and New York without change.

The train leaving at 5.55 has parior car to leveland, connecting with the through desper to New York and B. th.

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tooing East, 6.06 a. m., 9:56 a. m., 5:25 p. m. 145 p. m. troing West, 2:20 a. m., 11:35 a. m., 5:30 p. m. Going North, 2:30 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 5:20 p. m. Going South, O. S. at. R., 16:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m.

Trains arrive: Prom East, 2:06 a. m., 8:10 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 5:00 m. From West, 2:10 a. m., 2:45 s. m., 2:30 p. m. From North, 1:50 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 4:56 a. m. From South 2:50 a. m., 4:30 p. m.

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A.m.	Yellow	Springs	9.64	a.m.	Arrive	Xania
9.30	a.m.	Columbus	1.10	a.m.		
Arriving	No. 6	No. 2	No. 8	No. 2		
Eastern	Local	Day	Columbus			
Express	Express	Express	Express			
Lv. Louisv'le	72.36am	7.25am	7.25pm			
Lv. Columbus	6.36am	3.50pm	7.15pm			
Lv. Columbus	6.36am	3.50pm	1.55pm			
Lv. Xeria	7.25am	5.40pm	10.65pm			
Ar. Y. Sprigs	9.55am	6.35pm	10.31pm			
Ar. Sprigs	9.55am	6.35pm	10.31pm			
Ar. Sprigs	10.20am	6.30pm	10.55pm			
Louisv'le	10.20am	10.31pm				
Louisv'le	10.20am	10.31pm				
Lv. Xeria	10.20am	10.31pm				
Lv. Xeria	10.20am	10.31pm				
Lv. Xeria	10.20am	10.31pm				
Lv. Louisv'le	10.20am	10 No. 10, Local Accommodation, seaves acuts / a.m. Arrive Yellow Serings 6.15 a.m.; Sprii field 7.00 a.m. *Daily. †Daily except sunday.				

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